

A FLORAL FANTASY
IN AN OLD ENGLISH
GARDEN
BY
WALTER CRANE

NEW YORK &
GORDON HARPER
AND BROTHERS





185-

Peter

from Mildred.

Christmas 1898.



·A·FLORAL·
·FANTASY·



A FLORAL
FANTASY
IN AN OLD
ENGLISH
GARDEN



SET FORTH IN
VERSES & COL-
OURED DESIGNS
BY   
WALTER GRADE
  
LONDON: AT THE
HOUSE OF HARPER
AND BROTHERS:

1899



THE OLD ENG:
LISH GARDEN
A FLORAL PHAN
TASY. * * * *

In an old world
garden dreaming
where the flowers
had human names,
Methought, in fan-
tastic seeming,
they disported as
squires
and dames.



Old in Rosamond's
Bower,
With its peacock hedges
of yew,
One could never find
the flower
Unless one was given
the clue ;
So take the key of the
wicker,
Who would follow my
fancy free ,
By formal knot and
clipt thicker ,
And smooth green-
sward so fair to see



And while **T**ime
his scythe
is whetting,
Ere the dew
from the grass
has gone,



The **F**our
Seaſons' flight
forgetting,
As they dance
round the
dial ſtone;





With a leaf
from an old
English book -
A Jonquil
will serve for
a pen -

Let us note
from the green
arbour's nook,

Flowers mask=
ing like women
and men



FIRST in
VENUS'S
LOOKING
GLASS,

You may see
where

LOVE LIES
BLEEDING,



While
PRETTY
MAIDS

all of them pass

With careless
hearts quite un-
heeding.





Next, a knight
with his flam-
ing targe
See the
DENT-DE-LION
so bold
With his feath-
ery crest at large,
On a field of the
cloth of gold.

Simple **HONESTY**
shows in vain
A fashion feat
seek to robe in,
While the poor
SHEPHERD'S PURSE
is ta'en
By rascally
RAGGED ROBIN.





COLTSFOOT
and
LARKSPUR
SPEEDWELL

In the race
of the flowers
that's run
due,



As the
HARTSTONGUE
pants
at the well



And the
HOUNDSTONGUE
laps the
SUNSET,



Here's
VENUS' GOMBE
for
MAIDENHAIR:
While
KINGCUPS
drink
BELLADONNA,



Glad in purpie
and gold
so fair,
Though the
DEADLY
NIGHTSHADE'S
upon her.





Behold
LONDON PRIOR
robed & crowned,
Ushered in by the
GOLDEN ROB,
While a floral
crowd press
around,
Just to win from
her crest a nod.

The **F**oxgloves
are already on,
Not only in pairs
but dozens;
They've come out
to see all the fun,
With sisters and
aunts
and cousins.



The
STITCHWORT
looked up
with a sigh

At
BACHELOR'S
BUTTONS
unsettled :



Single **D**aisies
were not
in her eye,

For
the grass
was just
neatly mown.





The HORSE-
TAIL,
'scaped from
WOLFE'S CLAW,
Rides off with
a LADIES' LACES.



**The FRIAR'S
GOWN**

hides
a doctor of law,

**And the
BISHOP'S-WEED**

covers
his grace's





The
SNAPDRAGON
opened his jaw,
But, at sight of
Scotch
THISTLE,
turned pale :

He 'd
too many points
of the law

For a dragon
without
a scale.





**Little JENNY-
GREETER**

lay low,

Until happy thoughts
made her gladder;

How to rise in the
world she'd know,

So she climbed up

JACOB'S LADDER



STREET WILLIAM
with
MARY GOLD
Seek
HEARTSEASE
in the close box-
border,
where, starched
in their ruff's stiff
fold
DUTCH DAHLIAS
prim, keep order.





NARCISSUS

bends over the
brook,

Intent upon

DAPPA·DOWN·

DILLY:

F

While **EYEBRIGHT**
observes from
her nook,
And wonders he
could be so
silly.



A LANCE FOR
A LAD 'gainst
KING'S SPEAR,
When the BUGLE
sounds for
the play



A LADIES MANT-
LE flaunting
there
Is the banner
that leads
the fray.



KNIGHT'S SPUR
to the
LADIES BOTTER
To seek for the
LADIES SLIPPER.



'T was lost in
the wood
in a summer
shower
When the
GLOWN'S WORT
tried to trip her.



TOAD-FLAX

is spun

for

BUTTER-

AND-EGGS



ON a LADIES'
CUSHION sits
THRIFT

She never wastes,
or steals, or begs,
But she can't give
poor RAGWORT
a lift.





QUEEN OF
THE MEADS

is
MEADOWSWEET.

In the realm
of grasses
wide:

But not in
all her court
you meet
The turbaned
TURK'S HEAD
in his pride.



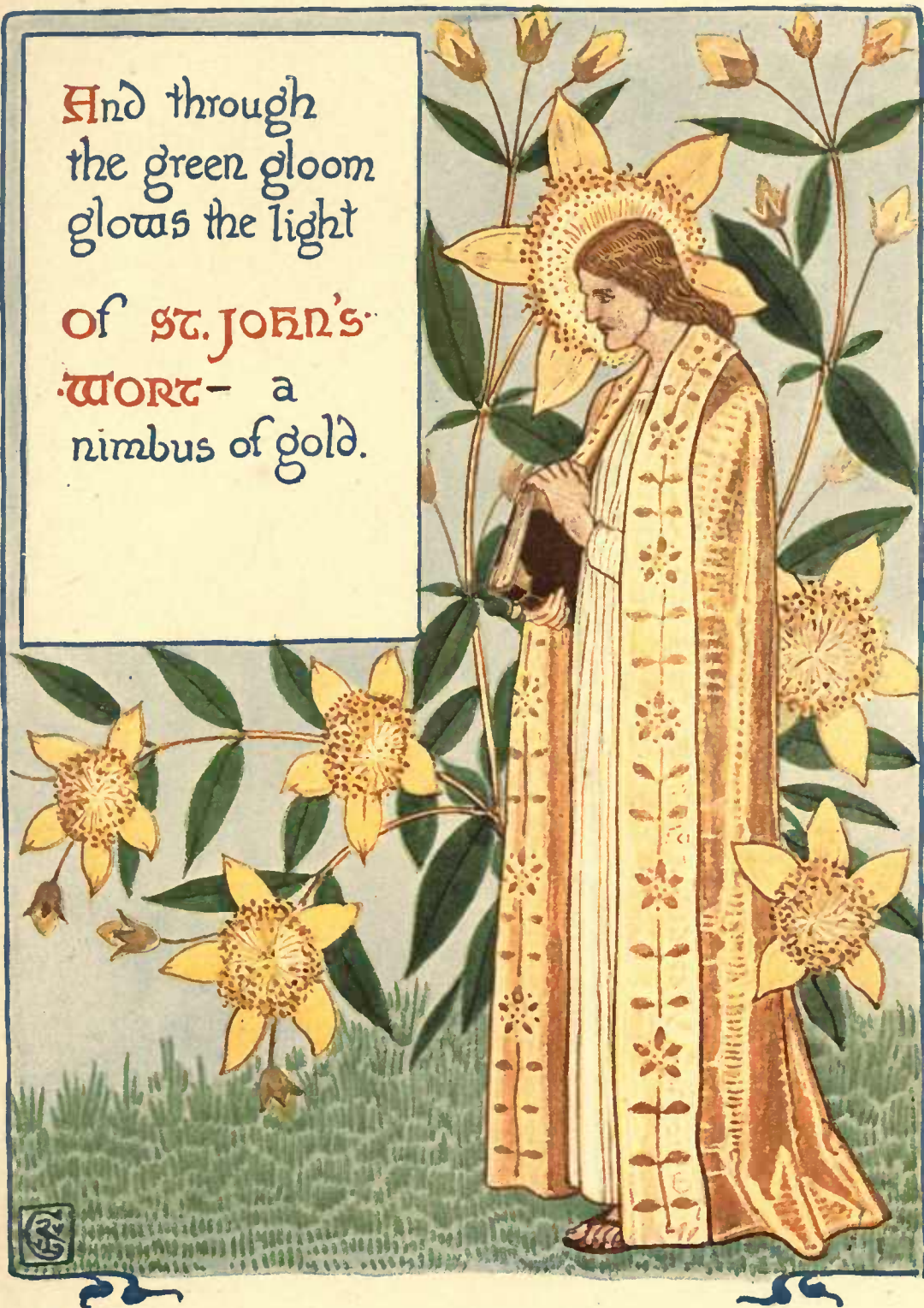
Fair BETHLEHEM'
STAR

shineth bright,

In a lowly
place, as
of old,



And through
the green gloom
glows the light
of ST. JOHN'S
WORT - a
nimbus of gold.





But the hours
of the sun
swift glide,

And the flowers
with them are
speeding,



Though
·LOVE·IN·A·MIST·
may hide,
When Time's in
the garden
weeding.

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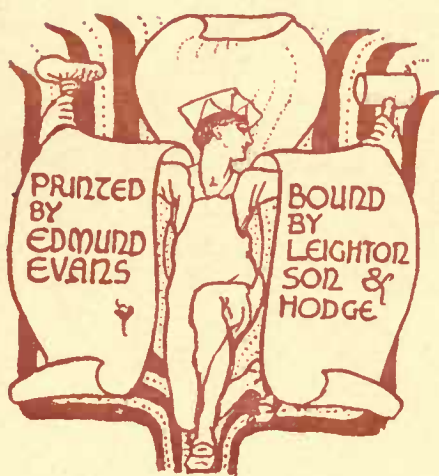


There's
TRAVELLER'S
JOY
To entwine,
At our
journey's end
for greeting,

We can
talk over
SOPS-IN-TIME,
And drink to
our next
merry meeting.











A FLORAL FANTASY

